THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 1, 1809.

A NARRATIVE *of the* SIEGE *of* ZARAGOZA.

By C. R. VAUGHAN, M.B. a Gentleman who lived at the Table of Palafox.

ZARAGOZA, the capital of the kingdom of Aragon, is seated in a valley of the Ebro, on the right bank of that river, with a suburb upon the left bank, connected with it by a stone bridge. From the city, as far as the high mountains that bound the view on either hand, the country is covered with olive trees, and the neighbouring district, under an extensive system of irrigation, produces corn and fruits in abundance. Though the mountains are distant, yet the city is commanded by some high ground, called the Torrero, about a mile to the south-west, upon which there is a convent, and other buildings of inferior note. The canal of Aragon, over which there is a bridge, divides the Torrero from another elevation, where the Aragonese erected a battery previously to the siege.

The walls of Zaragoza appear to have been constructed merely to facilitate the means of levying taxes upon every article brought into the town for sale; the gates, which are nine in number, are of the most simple construction, and the alignment between them is in some places preserved by the mud-wall of a garden, in others by buildings, or by the remains of an old Moorish wall, which has a slight parapet, but without any platform even for musquetry.

The buildings of the city are of brick, and the two cathedrals, the numerous convents and churches, though built of the same materials, are not, altogether, devoid of ornament. The houses are three stories in height; the streets very narrow

and crooked, excepting one or two market-places, and the street called the Cozo, situated nearly in the centre of the town.

The population of Zaragoza may be estimated at about 60,000 souls; although the census, taken in 1787, gives only 42,600.

It was on the 25th of May, 1808, that the inhabitants of this defenceless city, and the peasantry of the surrounding country, rose in a mass, to repel the unprincipled aggressions of the French. The captain-general of Aragon, Guilliamah, had betrayed an inclination to submit to the enemy, by attempting to disarm the people; in consequence of this, he was seized, and thrown into prison, and the inhabitants of Zaragoza and of the neighbouring villages unanimously conferred the government upon Don Joseph Palafox, the youngest of three brothers of one of the most distinguished families in Aragon.

At the commencement of the revolution, this nobleman had been selected from the officers of the guards, to be second in command to the marquis de Castillar, to whose custody the prince of the peace was confided after his arrest at Aranjuez; he afterwards accompanied Ferdinand VII. to Bayonne, from whence he had recently escaped, in the disguise of a peasant, to his country-seat near Zaragoza.

This distinguished nobleman is about thirty-four years of age; his person of middling stature, his eyes lively and expressive, and his whole deportment that of a perfectly well bred man accustomed to the best society. At the time when Don J. Palafox assumed the command in Aragon, he had very little acquaintance with military affairs; for though he had been in the Spanish guards all his life, he had never seen actual service, and his time had been principally passed in the dissipation of Madrid, where he had gained no inconsiderable distinction from the splendour and fashion of his appearance.

At the commencement of his command, on the 25th of May, the neighbouring provinces of Navarre and Catalonia were possessed by the French; the passes of the Pyrenees leading directly into his kingdom were open, and Murat, with the main body of the French forces, was stationed at Madrid. Thus surrounded by his enemy, General Palafox mustered the regular troops quartered at Zaragoza, and found that they amounted to two hundred and twenty men, and that the public treasury of the province could furnish him only with two thousand reals, a sum in English money equal to twenty pounds sixteen shillings and eight-pence. Placing, however, a just confidence in the patriotism manifested by the people, he immediately declared war against the French by issuing that spirited

rited proclamation, which has been circulated already in England through the medium of the public prints.

Early in the month of June, and before any plans could possibly be executed for organizing a force for the defence of Aragon, the French detached eight thousand infantry and nine hundred cavalry from Pamplona against Zaragoza. As soon as this movement on the part of the enemy was ascertained, the marquis de Lazan, the eldest brother of Don Joseph Palafox, collected some armed peasantry, and met this force in the neighbourhood of Tudela, on the 13th of June. The Aragonese were soon compelled to retire to the village of Mallen, where they had again the misfortune to feel the inefficiency of undisciplined bodies, when opposed to regular troops, although an olive wood between the canal of Aragon, which supported the right, and the village of Mallen on the left, could not but be considered as a favourable position for an irregular force.

On the 14th of June the French advanced to Alagon, distant about sixteen miles from Zaragoza. The inhabitants of this city immediately assembled with all the arms of every description which they could collect, and actually compelled their general to lead them against the enemy. They had not advanced far from Zaragoza, when they found the French in order of battle in a plain; a position particularly advantageous to them, as they possessed both cavalry and flying artillery. The ill-armed and undiciplined Aragonese soon felt the superiority of the enemy, and were obliged to retire to Zaragoza. Their retreat, however, was covered by the two hundred and twenty regulars (who had been previously joined by some fusileers of the province) with a steadiness and gallantry which entitled them to the thanks of their general, and excited the admiration of their countrymen.

The French now advanced within a very short distance of Zaragoza, where they took up a position in the valley, on the opposite side of the town to that situated on the Ebro, and which was covered by rising ground planted with olive trees. Having occupied this post, they deferred their general attack upon the city 'till the morrow; but a small detachment of cavalry that penetrated into the town, on the 14th of June, paid dearly for their rashness.

The Aragonese had hastily planted some cannon before the gates of their city, and also in favourable positions without the town, particularly at the Torrero, and upon the height near to it.

On the 15th of June the French sent a detachment against the outposts upon the canal, while their main body attempted to storm the city, by the gate called Portillo. The Aragonese attacked, almost at the same moment, both in their out-posts and at the gates of their town, fought with great fury, but with-

out order; their artillery was served by any persons who chanced to be near it; every one alternately commanded and obeyed; but all were animated by the same spirit, and their efforts, after a most severe conflict, were finally crowned with success. A party of the enemy that entered the town were instantly put to death, and the French general, convinced that it was fruitless to persevere in his attack, withdrew his troops to a position out of reach of the cannon of the Aragonese.

Zaragoza, thus liberated for a time from the French, was left with very slender resources to sustain a siege. Its fortifications consisted merely of mud walls; it was destitute of heavy artillery, and without troops that could undertake sorties against the enemy's works. In spite, however, of all these discouraging circumstances, the people, confiding in God, in their own courage, and the justice of their cause, determined to defend the streets of their town to the last extremity.

As soon as the French were repulsed on the 15th of June, General Palafox set out from Zaragoza, in order to collect reinforcements and provide resources for a siege, and also to place the rest of the kingdom in a state of defence, should the capital fall. He found from twelve to fourteen hundred soldiers who had escaped from Madrid, and he united with them a small division of militia stationed in Calatayud. With this force, in compliance with the urgent desire of his soldiers, he resolved to attack the French. He marched immediately to Epila, and it was his intention to have advanced from thence to the village of La Muela, by which manœuvre he hoped to place the French between his little army and the city of Zaragoza. Those intentions, however, were frustrated by a sudden attack on the part of the enemy in the night, at Epila, when the Spaniards, after a most obstinate but fruitless resistance, were at length compelled to yield to superior numbers and discipline. The wreck of this little force retired from the scene of action to Calatayud, and afterwards, with great difficulty, threw themselves into Zaragoza.

During this time the French received reinforcements of troops and artillery from Pamplona, and began to occupy the several military positions in the plain, covered with olive trees, that surrounds Zaragoza. The enterprize and valour of the besieged did not allow the enemies to carry on these operations unmolested; in a short time, however, the French had invested nearly one half of the town, and on the 28th of June they took possession of the Torrero. The neighbouring battery also, which had been entrusted to an artillery officer, and five hundred men, fell into their hands; the officer was declared a traitor to his country for not having defended this important post

post as he ought to have done, and on his return into Zaragoza was immediately hanged.

After the surrender of the Torrero, the city could communicate only with the country on the side of the Ebro.

During these operations of the enemy, the Aragonese were busily employed in placing their town in the best possible state of defence that their slender resources would admit of. They tore down the awnings from their windows, and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before every gate in the form of a battery, digging round each of them a deep trench. They broke holes in the mud-walls and intermediate buildings for musquetry, and sometimes, where the position was commanding, cannon were stationed; the houses in the environs of the city were pulled down or burned, gardens and olive grounds, that in better times had been the recreation and support of their owners, were cheerfully rooted up by the proprietors themselves, wherever they impeded the defence of the city, or covered the approach of the enemy. The exertions of the men were animated by women of every description, who formed themselves into parties for the relief of the wounded, and for carrying water and provisions to the batteries at the gates, while their children were employed in conveying cartridges which had been made by the monks.

The French continued to invest the city more closely, and scarcely a day passed without a sanguinary contest in the surrounding olive woods between detachments of the Aragonese and their enemy. In the last few days of the month of June, four hundred soldiers of the regiment of Extramadura, small parties from other corps, and a few artillerymen, contrived to reinforce Zaragoza. To the artillerymen were added two hundred of the militia of Logrono, who, animated by the presence of an enemy, soon learned the ordinary duties of the corps to which they were attached. About the same time two pieces of cannon (24-pounders), and some shells that were much wanted, were procured from Lerida.

The enemy, at the same time, drew their resources from the stores in the citadel of Pamplona, whilst the Aragonese, now completely surrounded by the French, had not one single fortress to which they could have recourse, either for ammunition or for cannon.

About the last day of June, a powder magazine, a very strong building in the heart of the city of Zaragoza, blew up, and in a moment nearly a whole street was reduced to a heap of ruins; the inhabitants of Zaragoza had scarcely recovered from their consternation at this fatal and irreparable loss, and from the labour of extricating their fellow-citizens from the ruins of their houses, when the French, who had received mortars, howitzers, and cannon, (12-pounders, of sufficient calibre for the

the mud-walls of Zaragoza) opened a destructive fire upon the city. It has been estimated, that about twelve hundred shells and grenades fell in Zaragoza, which had not one building within it that was bomb-proof, nor had the inhabitants then taken the precaution of placing beams of timber together endways against the houses, behind which passengers might find shelter whenever a shell should chance to fall near them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE OLD SAILOR,

An Affecting Story.

(Concluded from Page 325.)

D'ALONVILLE took the first opportunity to enquire of the old sailor what he had particularly to complain of. His reply was as follows:

"Why, in the first place, I had four sons, grown up, fine young men as I ever saw; the shortest of them was as high as you are, and stouter; the eldest of them belonged to a merchant ship that traded to the islands; he was killed by the black people at St. Domingo. The second was in the king's service; an excellent sailor; he was forced, whether he would or not, to sea in a republican vessel; and it is only a fortnight since I have known that he has been taken by the English, and is now in an English prison, poor lad! and they say that the English, who, when I was a prisoner among them in the last war, treated us very well, and even gave me my parole, so that I suffered little, are now grown very severe, and endeavour to make confinement as bad as it can be; so I think I shall never see my son again. 'You served then in all the last war,' said D'Alonville.' 'Yes,' replied the old man; 'and was in two or three engagements; in the last I was a boatswain, by favour of my commander, who, when we were exchanged, and went back to France, took me particularly under his protection; and my wife was received into the family of his lady, who brought up my daughter; my poor dear girl!"

"You have not been unfortunate in regard to her too, I hope," said D'Alonville.

"Ah!" cried the sailor, with a deep sigh, "that is what hurts me most of all—but I will tell you how it happened:—my third boy, a fine fellow of nineteen, was taken, when he was quite a child, into the service of my commander, and brought up to be his servant. Alas! he was with him, when he was seized and carried to prison, on the fatal 2d of September; and

he perished with him in the abbaye. The fourth, who was but a year younger, was so enraged at this injustice and cruelty (for what had Michael done that deserved death?) that he quitted the revolutionary army where he had entered, and went to serve under the princes in Flanders; where, I believe, he fell the end of the last year in the retreat, for I have never heard of him since."

The poor man was so affected, that his voice failed him.

D'Alonville, however fearful of betraying himself, could not conceal that he sympathised with this unfortunate father. "Perhaps," said he, "your fears may be groundless; though you have not heard from him, your fourth son may survive."

"I have no hope," he replied; "had he not been dead, I am very sure he would have found means of letting me hear of him; for he was a dutiful boy, and he knew what his mother and I suffered about his brothers. Ah! no; I have none left now, unless Pierre should survive a long imprisonment: I have none left but that lad you see there; and as soon he is old enough to carry arms he too will be put under requisition, and be compelled to serve, whether he likes it or no."

"But your daughter," said D'Alonville.

"My daughter," resumed the poor man, "my daughter was the hope of my life; my commander's lady took her, and brought her up to be about her person; and she was pretty, and every body admired her; a reputable tradesman at Paris would have married her, but madame de Blanzac, her mistress, thought her too young, and desired her to stay a year or two, 'till her lover was got a little forwarder in the world. She was at Paris at the dreadful time when her poor brother was murdered; she was not indeed in prison, but remained with her mistress at an hotel, where she saw four people killed before her eyes; she was so terrified, as to be immediately deprived of her senses, and was rather, I fear, a burden, than of any use to the lady she served—when she found means to escape to England, after the murder of her husband. During the voyage, my poor girl recovered some recollection; but on the vessel's arriving in the port of Poole, where they were to land, the cries of the sailors, and the loud voices of the people who surrounded the ship, brought so strongly to her mind the noises she had heard at Paris during the massacre, that in the frenzy which this terror occasioned, she flew upon deck, and before any one was aware of what she intended, she threw herself* into the sea."

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* This story, I have been assured, is fact; and that the melancholy circumstance he related, happened to a young woman in a situation of life somewhat superior to that of the person to whom they are here given.

A dead silence ensued for a moment; the old man could not proceed.

D'Alonville, at length, said, "And was there no attempt made to save her?"

"Oh! yes," replied he, "and she was saved from the water, but her senses were quite gone. I do not know how madame de Blanzac, distressed as she was herself, was able to sustain the additional burden of my poor girl, in such a condition; but she promised never to forsake her, and she kept her word. Some ladies in England, to whom her melancholy story became known, were very kind to my unfortunate daughter, and tried to get her restored to her senses, but it was all in vain; they were irrecoverable; and she is now in one of the public hospitals in London, where lunatics are received."

The laborious life to which the old sailor had been inured, had not hardened his heart—nature had still a powerful influence; and his voice bore testimony to the tribute he paid it, as he thus concluded his mournful narrative.

D'Alonville would have spoken comfort to him, but he could find none. These wounds to domestic happiness he knew could not be cured. He remained silent, therefore, reflecting on the dreadful havoc that civil war had made in his country within so short a space; and he shuddered when he trusted his imagination for a moment with the horrors that were yet to come. He was now ashamed of having suspected his conductor of designs against him, and of having mistaken the sad silence of sorrow, for the sullen meditation of the assassin. They were, by this time, at some distance from the place where the report of fire-arms had been heard; and D'Alonville, endeavouring to shake off the melancholy impression his companion's history had left on his mind, enquired why he had kept his boat so near the shore as they passed under the rocks of Granville?

The sailor replied, that there were frequently centinels placed on the cliffs, to prevent those from escaping who were called disaffected; and that had the boat been discerned, or heard, they would have been fired upon with very little ceremony; but that under the cliffs they were less likely to be perceived.

D'Alonville then entered into conversation on the present appearance of France, and received an account of the desolation that reigned throughout the northern provinces, which, when he landed, and surveyed the state of the ground, did not appear to have been exaggerated.

Without hazarding too much by confidence in his boatman, they became much better acquainted before they had finished their voyage; D'Alonville discovered, in the course of their conversation, that his conductor would more willingly put him

on shore at any place near St. Maloes than in the port; and D'Alonville was much more willing to land in some remote part of the coast. They therefore perfectly agreed in their plans, and keeping at some miles distance from land the whole day, as if they were engaged in fishing, as night approached they drew toward the shore, about five miles to the west of St. Maloes; where, in a small creek, formed by projecting rocks, they might land, and by a winding path gain the country.

The wind, which had hitherto been extremely favourable, still blew to the shore; but it had risen as the sun set, and the water, curling and whitening as it rolled toward the beach, threatened an approaching storm. The vessel, therefore, could carry no sail, and the old man taking in his canvas, rowed slowly and laboriously toward the point where they had agreed to land. As the boat mounted the dark waves, or sunk between them, and as the coast before him rose indistinctly, or wholly disappeared, D'Alonville could not help reflecting on his strange situation, returning thus to the land of his ancestors. The cliffs, whose rugged forms were distinguishable through the gloom of evening, were the boundaries of Brittany! Once before he had seen them in returning from an excursion of pleasure, when in his early youth he had, with his father, visited Brest, and gone back by water with several ladies and friends. He recollected all the parties; not one, perhaps, now survived, unless it was his brother, of whom he dreaded to hear; but with whom, in the part of Brittany to which he was going, he comforted himself that it was improbable he should meet. At length, with very painful emotions, he saw himself once more on shore on the coast of France. He paid his conductor more than their agreement, and took his name, and the name of his son, whom he supposed to be a prisoner in England. There was a possibility that should he ever return thither, he might find the young man living, and relieve the anguish of his unfortunate father, to whom, however, he forbore to hold out a hope that might never be realised.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

A Most afflicting circumstance occurred on Thursday the 6th of April, 1809, at a place called High Wood, in the parish of Torksey, about six miles from Lincoln. Thoroughly to inform our readers of the particulars, we must begin the narrative by adverting to some circumstances which a few years preceded the melancholy event. About eight years ago, Mr. Joseph Gibson, of High Wood, married his present wife; soon after which she betrayed symptoms of mental derange-

ment, and often wandered about the fields surrounding their house in a state of intellectual suspension. After suffering under this dreadful malady for about half a year, Mrs. Gibson recovered, and continuad in good health until about seven weeks ago, when she again became depressed and pensive, and did not seem to give any attention to her children, of which she had three; one about four months old, the others two and three years. In consequence of the distressing situation into which she had relapsed, a person of Saxilby, named Mary Noble, was lately engaged to attend upon Mrs. Gibson, and to assist in the care of the family. This person gave the following evidence before Mr. Drury, the coroner, whose public services have been called for by the melancholy catastrophe:—

"On Thursday morning last Mrs. Gibson came into the sitting-room, about a quarter past nine o'clock; I spoke to her, but did not remark any alteration in her person or behaviour. The inner door of the house was shut; the outer door, near to it, was open, and Mrs. Gibson had the key of it. She sat in the room for a short time, very composedly, and then said she would go into the garden, and that the two elder children should go with her. She led the children to the door, one in each hand; she shut the inner door with violence, and at that moment I observed she got hold of the children's arms with her left hand. The manner of shutting the door alarmed me; I ran to it, but before I reached it, Mrs. Gibson had locked the outer door. I then became more alarmed, knowing the well was only about six yards from the house, and with a violent effort I succeeded in breaking open the door; which I had just accomplished when Mrs. Gibson stood before me; she looked wild and agitated; and, before I could speak, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, 'I have put them both in!' I looked into the well, and saw both children lying in the water. At this moment Joseph Newby, a young man, servant to Mr. Gibson, came to us, and Mrs. Gibson was forced into the house. Newby went down into the well, by means of the well-chain, and got both the children upon his knees, (although the well is twelve yards deep, and had ten feet of water in it). I endeavoured to draw them up, and three times raised them to some height, when I found my strength insufficient, and was obliged to let them go down again. At the time of my making the third attempt, Mrs. Gibson rushed out of the house, and ran very fast; I thought she was making for the pond, and left the young man and the children to go after her."

Mr. Gibson and some assistants providentially arrived at this instant, and the servant man and the two children were drawn up, after remaining in the well nearly three quarters of an hour. Ann, the elder child, about three years old, was dead, her skull being

being fractured by the force with which, it is supposed, she was precipitated against the side of the well by her mother; the other child was not hurt.

The coroner's jury sat on Wednesday, the 12th of April, and returned a verdict of wilful murder against Ann Gibson, the mother.

Some Account of Joseph Blacket, a young Man of considerable poetical Promise.

HE was born in 1786, at Tunstill, an obscure village, two miles from Catterick, in Yorkshire. His father was a day labourer, many years in the service of Sir John Lawson, bart. whose goodness and humanity to the neighbouring poor, render him universally beloved.

Joseph was the youngest but one, of twelve children; he was sent to school early in life, being godson to the village schoolmistress, who was very partial to him, and gave him a free education. Another school being opened by a person more capable of instructing youth, when he was near seven years old, he was placed under the tuition of its master 'till the age of eleven. His brother, a ladies' shoemaker, in London, expressing a desire of taking him apprentice, he proceeded to London by the waggon. His brother, to whom he gives due praise, to preserve the little learning he had gathered in the country, frequently kept him at home writing on a Sunday, which, though painful, was useful. He was a man who had read much, and had a number of books, chiefly on religious subjects, such as Josephus, Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History, Fox's Martyrs, &c. These afforded some knowledge. At this time the drama was totally unknown to Joseph; but when a juvenile friend solicited his company to see Kemble in Richard, he saw and read that play, forgot the cruelties of Mary, he bade adieu to the celebrated Jewish historian; Vespasian, Titus, and all the heroes he records, vanished before Richard the Third. To read other plays, he frequently robbed his pillow of his due, late and early.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, still living with his brother, whose wife about that time died of a consumption, he shortly after married her sister, and lived happily with her during five years, when she fell a victim to the same disorder. At that painful period, another sister sent from the country to attend on her, was confined to her bed by a fever, which long deprived her of reason. What an accumulation of distress! a wife stretched on the bed of death! a sister senseless! an infant looking piteously around for a mother! creditors clamourous! friends cold! the deer was stricken; the herd shunned

him. His property was disposed of, and part of his debts discharged. At length his sister in law recovered; a kind friend at Deptford took his infant daughter; and quitting the roof of departed happiness, he sought for consolation in solitude. He has beguiled his lonely hours with poetry, at once amusing and indulging the pangs of grief. We insert the following original composition as a specimen of his abilities.

LINES

Occasioned by the Death of an amiable Young Man.

Written on Good Friday, 1809.

Muse of sorrow! heavenly guest!
Come, possess my aching breast!
Quick my trembling hand inspire,
To touch with skill the hallow'd lyre;
The hallow'd lyre, whose strains impart
Sweet comfort to the bleeding heart.

Alas! see where in manhood's bloom,
A victim to the dreary tomb,
The parent's hope profoundly sleeps!
And see, oh! see, that parent weeps!
Weeps o'er the plant he rear'd with pride,
Which scarcely blossom'd ere it died.

Come then soother sweet of grief,
Muse of sorrow! bring relief.
From thy solitary cell
Kindred notes of passion swell!
Notes—like Gilead's balmy power,
To assuage the anguish'd hour.

But what sounds are those I hear,
Hovering on my listening ear?
Sure some heavenly minstrel brings
Solace from celestial strings.
Yes, I see in yonder cloud
An angel strike his harp aloud,
And with strains of soothing peace
Bid the muse of sorrow cease.

Now methinks I hear it say,
Haste, my brother! haste away,
From a world of various woe,
From the shades of death below;

Hasten

Hasten, soaring spirit! blest,
Hasten to my brother's breast.

Hark! the kindred shade replies,
As through yielding air it flies—
Yes, my brother, yes, I come,
Exulting o'er the rayless tomb,
Summon'd to an equal seat,
Cherub may a cherub greet.

Yet what means this hollow moan?
Oh! it is my parent's groan,
Hovering round me in my flight
To the fields of azure light.

Cease, ah! cease, fond parents dear,
Check, ah! check the tender tear;
Soon our transports you will share,
And in realms of purer air,
Meet the rich awards of Heaven,
Which to suffering worth is given.

Sketches of Holland, under King Louis Napoleon, 1806.

[From the French of M. Brun.]

BATAVIA, after having during four hundred years, had for its chiefs princes of its own nation, was governed by strangers; and passed successively from the house of Hainault, to that of Bavaria, then to that of Burgundy and Austria. Such was the situation of the Dutch, 'till the accession of Charles V. That prince, notwithstanding his extreme ambition, thought proper to respect the privileges of the nation. His successor was less prudent; he wished to be absolute sovereign in the Low Countries, as he was in Spain. Not contented with abolishing all the laws, and imposing arbitrary taxes, he resolved to establish the inquisition. The despotism of the monarch produced the effects which might be expected. The discontent of all orders brought on a general insurrection. The principal nobles, at the head of whom were the Counts Egmont and Horn, assembled at Brussels, in order to state their claims to Margaret of Parma, who then governed the Netherlands. That princess communicated their remonstrances to the court of Madrid, which sent for answer the duke of Alva, with a large army, and with orders to employ force to exact submission. In the midst of the general consternation,

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one man alone, William of Nassau, thought of taking up arms, while the others thought only of submitting. He had neither troops nor money to resist such a powerful monarch as Philip. Persecutions multiplied, and the blood of the two principal chiefs, who were taken and beheaded, along with eighteen other men of note, became the bond which cemented the union of the republic of the United Provinces.

The states of Holland and Zealand, assembled at Dort, united themselves with the prince of Orange, and acknowledged him as stadtholder. It was resolved that each province and city should enjoy its own rights and privileges; that they should mutually assist each other; and from that period the Batavians considered themselves as freed from the oath of fidelity they had taken to Philip the Second. After a war which lasted for near four and twenty years, and during which both parties fought with a fury almost unparalleled in history, the Spaniards were obliged, by the peace of Munster, in 1648, to recognize the United Provinces as a free, sovereign, and independent state.

About an hundred years afterwards, in 1747, a revolution took place in the provinces, which altered several points in their government. The people, tired of submitting to the magistrates, whose places they regarded as tyrannical and hereditary, demanded that the stadtholdership should be for life. Prince William, of Nassau, known by the name of William III. was named to the office by the unanimous voice of the people, and it was enacted that the stadtholdership should be hereditary in his family, and even pass in the female line.

William V. the grandson of William III. enjoyed the dignity 'till 1795; the epoch of the occupation of Holland by the French armies.

Placed between a power which for a long time had been its irreconcileable enemy, and France, which was its natural ally, Holland could not hesitate to make her choice. By calling a French prince to take the reins of their government, the Dutch consulted their real interests, and from that moment we may venture to predict, that this nation, which has more than once established the independence of the ocean, and given peace to Europe, will, under a monarch, whose views are solely directed towards the prosperity of the empire which is confided to him, resume that rank which she occupied at the most brilliant periods of her history.

In 1806, a treaty was concluded between France and Holland, by which a new constitution was formed, and Louis Napoleon, brother to the emperor of the French, was placed on the throne of Holland.

By

By the treaty concluded at the Hague in 1806, the kingdom of Holland was divided as follows:

Departments.	*Consisting of*	*Chief Towns.*
1. Groninguen	The province of Groninguen, comprising Wied, and West-Woldingerland.	Groninguen.
2. Friesland	The province of Friesland and Ameland.	Leewarden.
3. Over Issel	Over-Issell, and the country of Drenthe.	Zwol.
4. Guelderland	Guelderland, Kuilemberg, and Buren.	Arnheim.
5. Utrecht	Utrecht and Veanen.	Utrecht.
6. Holland	Holland, Isselstem.	The Hague.
7. Brabant	Dutch Brabant.	Bois Le Duc.
8. Zealand	Zealand.	Middleburg.

It is also divided into four military divisions. The first comprises the departments of Holland, Brabant, and Utrecht.

Head-quarters at the Hague.

The second, the province of Zealand.

Head-quarters at Middleburg.

The third, the departments of Friesland and Groninguen.

Head-quarters at Groninguen.

The fourth, the departments of Guelderland and Over-Issel.

Head-quarters at Deventer.

Batavia is traversed by two considerable rivers, the Rhine and the Meuse, which give rise to almost all the running waters in the country, except the Ems, which has its source in the department of Utrecht. In the construction of their canals, the Dutch have shewn of what human industry is capable, and what is its recompense; but their dykes are still a more extraordinary monument in the eyes of strangers. These artificial banks are generally raised about thirty feet above the level of the adjoining land, which seems in a manner enclosed by these species of ramparts. The expences of keeping the dykes in order is paid by the whole nation, and every district is taxed according to the utility it derives from them, and the proportion of the extent of country it shelters from the waters. Under the denomination of *dam*, the Dutch comprehend every sort of dyke raised to confine the waters of a river, or a lake; for which reason it is, that most of the names they have given to their cities and towns, end in *dam*. Rotterdam owes its name to the dyke raised upon the Rotte, a river near the town. Amsterdam receives her's from the dyke on the Amstel. It is the same with Saardam, Schiedam, Monnikendam, and many others.

Cold and humidity, in general characterize the climate of Holland. Many naturalists have asserted, that the extreme moisture of Holland contributes materially to shorten human life. The celebrated Baron Haller advances boldly, that "Holland is an unhealthy country, and life is short." This assertion is refuted however by facts; in Holland, as in other countries, we have seen individuals who have lived to a very advanced age; and a judicious writer of our day, M. Walcknaer, observes, that the sobriety and regular uniform life of the inhabi-

tants give them a longer duration of years, than in many other countries where the air is more salubrious.

The agriculture of Holland consists almost exclusively in the cultivation of meadows and gardens; its low, damp, spongy soil, joined to an atmosphere loaded with vapours, often rainy, and for a long time cold, leaves scarcely any other resource; it is carried to a very high perfection, and gives considerable profits. Gardening is in great esteem in Holland, for the Dutch are fond of both fruit and flowers. Their gardeners excel in the art of producing a great deal from a little ground. Without the help of artificial heat, they would be deprived of many things which give the soil of France so great a superiority over that of other countries. By this help, Holland supplies what she otherwise could not; and in the midst of winter affords every thing which can contribute to the sensuality of the rich.

In the month of January, grapes are sold as high as forty florins the pound. In a country so little favoured by nature, it is easy to judge how necessary industry must be to the support of the inhabitants. Notwithstanding its sterility, Holland is, perhaps, with respect to its extent, (only nineteen hundred and twenty-eight square leagues, of which three hundred and three are overflown, or covered with water,) the country most thickly peopled. Its population is estimated at two millions; the province of Holland alone contains nearly one half of that number. M. Walcknaer, from whom we take our calculation, makes thirteen hundred and eighty inhabitants to every square acre. A third of this population subsists by commerce and navigation. The two other thirds are composed of people employed in cultivation, and in rearing cattle, and in trades and manufactures.

(To be continued.)

TIME-PIECES.

THE celebrated Graham not only distinguished himself by the accuracy of his time-pieces, but by the invention of several valuable instruments for astronomical observations. The great mural arch in the observatory of Greenwich was made under his inspection, and divided by his own hand. He invented and made the sector, with which Dr. Bradley discovered two motions in the fixed stars. He furnished the members of the French academy, who were sent to the north to measure a degree of the meridian, with the instruments for that purpose.

An ANECDOTE.

DEVONSHIRE-MEWS are built on the site of the ancient manor-house of Marybone, which says Mr. Lysons, in his Environs of London, during the time that it was vested in the crown, is said to have been used as one of the palaces. It was pulled down in the year 1791. By a drawing of Rooker's, in the possession of John White, esq. of Devonshire-place, it seems to have retained some traces of the architecture of Queen Elizabeth's time; but the greater part of it appears to have been rebuilt at a later period, and the south front was certainly added or renewed not more than a century ago.

REMARKABLE EPITAPH.

IN the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, among a great many others, is the following epitaph on a monument for Richard Humble, his wife, and two children:

Like to the damaske rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day;
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers; the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades; the morning hasteth;
The sun sets; the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes; and man he dies.

Answer, by J. Ball, at Evershot School, to G. Harvey's Question, inserted January 23.

THE conjugate diameter per question = the base △ inscribed to be a maximum = sixteen, and likewise $\frac{16\times9}{2}=72$ the area. Now $\frac{72}{5,34}=1.35$ yard = the width of the walk, as required.

☞ J. Ball, at Evershot school, has transmitted a similar answer.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to T—er's Rebus, inserted February 13.

DEAR SIR, you must be very arch,
To make such curious lines on ST'ARCH.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Ball and J. French, at Evershot school; and H. B. of Bridgewater.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. French's Charade, inserted February 20.

A SNUFF-BOX is us'd by the fair,
Which solves your charade I declare.

†† Similar answers have been received from W. Lawrence, and N. Gribbell, of Plymouth; L. N. J. W. of Charmouth; H. B. of Bridgewater John Woodman, of North Curry; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; and J. Ball, at Evershot school.

Answer, by J. Woodman, of North Curry, to R. Loosemore's Charade, inserted February 27.

THE NIGHT-SHADE surely will reveal
What you in vain try'd to conceal.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; T. Pearse, of Chard; W. Lawrence, and N. Gribbell, of Plymouth; J. Pitman, of Shepton Mallet; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; and G. Caines, of Lion's Gate.

A REBUS, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

YE prying youths, for knowledge fam'd,
A numeral must first be nam'd;
My next you'll find if you should pop
Your head into a baker's shop;
And to compleat my simple lay
An insect for my last display;
Ere an apprentice learns a trade
'Tis fit my whole should first be made.

A REBUS, *by J. Trood, of Bridgewater.*

BLOODSHED and desolation mark my course,
Alas the land that falls thro' my dread source!
Kings, peasants, all, where'er I bear my sway,
Meet with grim death, and soon are swept away.

I've spread my horrors o'er the Spanish nation,
And shook that country e'en to its foundation;
May I soon fly from her unhappy shore,
And garments dy'd in blood be seen no more!

The tyrant hath his utmost efforts tried,
To conquer Britain, and indulge his pride;
But she has long withstood my direful shock,
And does at his vehement essays mock.

POETRY.

POETRY.

The GRAVE *of* KING ARTHUR.

By THOMAS WARTON.

King Henry II. having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick, king of Connaught, commonly called O'Conner Dun, or the Brown Monarch of Ireland, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welch poems, sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the bard, to be opened; when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name.

This is the ground-work of the following ode: but, for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variation from the chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teive, in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer,
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's Castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung;
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
From distant Mona, nurse of song;
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice,
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:

O'er

" O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming seamew soar'd;
On Tintagel's* topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the trembling tide:

" When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
The mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew;
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains clos'd around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king:
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden's ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return
(If right prophetic rolls I learn),
Borne on victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride,
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore."

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Tintagel, or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsula cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the northern coasts of Cornwall.

H O M E.

CLING to thy home, if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thine head,
And some poor spot, with vegetables stor'd,
Be all that pride allots thee for thy board;
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river's brink, or mountain's brow;
Yet ev'n this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside!